Awake

Trash Talk

In the land of nod, he who sleeps with both eyes open is god.
And makes a living off of killing the living one at a time.
I am your hammer and sickle I am your ball and chain
I am your brain on drugs
I seek the peak of bliss and ZZZ is all I wish
Reflected in conniption fits I'm jaundiced, gaunted, sick sick sick. Awake.
I sleep through day after day but I just want to stay awake
I know the path is steep but still I seek the king of sleep
Amassed in moss, this ivory face I see cannot be me
Tie me off, come on and string me out
Collapse the highways to my heart straight from the horses mouth
I am the hole in your pocket I am your ball and chain
I am your brain on drugs
I seek the peak of bliss and ZZZ is all I wish
Reflected in conniption fits I'm jaundiced gaunted sick sick sick awake.

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